

Winter Among The Indian Hills

Point Lobos and the Coast of Sur
are now green flanked though Winter
in this country has laid its cover ...
And from my window gazing upon these bleak hills
which lift up naked in the Winter sun...
without trees and only sage and rock, a nude dun... to give them
beauty.
I am mindful of the Sur sea rocking bleakly upon its granite shore,
and I hear in the silence of this,
my forbidding country,
the pulse of an ocean's power extending to the sweep
of these hills, these ranges, these sage plateaus
where I, the watcher, weep ...
while winds and Winter assail the stoic and silent
Indian Hills.

-- Wendell B. Anderson

Ranches of Taos, New Mexico

HOW WE TRAPPED THE WOLVES

I was just playing
with the dog, baying
as a boy will,
when he turned tail
and let out a wail
and ran over the hill.

Then I on all fours
went to my chores,
and never got up.
My family sighed
and reckoned that I'd
turned to a pup.